

# All There Is

Bad Religion

This song goes out  
To all the hopeless sinners,  
With grave allegiances,  
So meaningless and vain,

The walking wounded in a pageant of contenders  
Who balance on a rail of pain for just a little of rain

And everything is barely mist, blood relations and bricks  
My expression, my confession, add it up, extract a lesson, more  
than this,  
Once again, like a bullet as a friend, tell me: can that be all  
there is?

In my rectory of doubt, I kneel to pray like one devout,  
As time the great gray dreamless sleep of a useless modern god  
Erodes away each storied day as wretched Adams with hell to pay  
Content upon a rail of pain for just a little rain.

And everything is dearly missed, blood relations and bricks  
My expression, my confession, add it up, extract a lesson, more  
than this,  
Once again, like a bullet as a friend, tell me: can that be all  
there is?

There's an endless disposition,  
And it doesn't mean a goddamn thing—  
There's space for a paper—  
airplane race in the eye of a hurricane.

And if pigs could fly, then surely so could I,  
But this pedestrian knows better than to even try,  
And my divinity is caught between the colors of a butterfly.

And everything is dearly missed, blood relations and bricks  
My expression, my confession, add it up, extract duress and mor  
e than this,  
Once again, like a bullet as a friend, tell me: can that be all  
there is?  
All there is?